

THE  
**LION HUNTER AT HOME!!**

232, PICCADILLY.

**Programme**

OF

(15)

**GORDON CUMMING'S**



**ENTERTAINMENT,**

ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
**HIS FIVE YEAR'S WANDERINGS**

AMONG THE

**WILD TRIBES & SAVAGE ANIMALS**

Of the **FAR INTERIOR OF AFRICA.**

**The Magnificently Decorated Hall!!**

IS ADORNED WITH SPECIMENS SELECTED FROM THE TROPHIES OF MANY  
THOUSAND OF WILD ANIMALS WHICH FELL BEFORE THE HUNTER'S RIFLE.

**"THE LION HUNTER"**

HOLDS FORTH TO HIS AUDIENCE OVER HIS OLD HUNTING SADDLE LAID ACROSS  
THE SKULL OF AN OLD MALE ELEPHANT, ONE OF 105 (FIRST CLASS),  
BAGGED BY HIM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

**The Dioramic Illustrations**

PAINTED BY MESSRS. GEO. THOMAS, HARRISON WEIR, LEITCH, HAGHE,  
and PHILLIPS.

PIANOFORTE,.....MR. HARRIES WILSON.

# Programme.

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## MUSIC-OVERTURE.

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### PART I.

#### THE HUNTER'S START—THE SPORTS OF THE PLAINS.

Nature of Mr. Gordon Cumming's Collections of Hunting Trophies. Reasons in Justification of the Hunter's pursuit. Contributions of Southern Africa to the collection: those of other countries. The Carpathian mountains.

### ILLUSTRATION I.

#### A FAMOUS WILD BOAR OF THE CARPATHIANS MANGLES THE HUNTER'S PACK, BUT FAILS TO SAVE HIS BACON.

A noble head of the Carpathian Stag. How procured.

### ILLUSTRATION II.

#### A NOBLE HEADED CARPATHIAN STAG, COURSED BY WOLVES.

This Stag was noted for its beauty, and carried the finest antlers in Europe.

### ILLUSTRATION III.

#### ROBBING THE NEST OF THE SEA EAGLE ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

The hunter's early life and hunting instincts. Service in India. Gratification of early longings for South African sports. Arrival at the Cape.

### ILLUSTRATION IV.

#### CAPE TOWN & TABLE BAY & MOUNTAIN.

Account of the colony. Its products. Inhabitants. *Portrait of Dutch Boor.* Geography of Southern Africa. Start from Graham's Town for the interior.

ILLUSTRATION V.

**AFRICAN WAGGONS, HORSES & OXEN ON  
THE MARCH.**

Difficulties of the march. Wait-a-bit Thorn clumps. The hunter's bill of fare. Colonial servants—their habits. *Portraits of male and female Hottentot.*

ILLUSTRATION VI.

**A SURGE OF ANTELOPES, GNOOS & OSTRICHES,  
SWEEPING ACROSS THE BOUNDLESS PLAINS  
OF AFRICA.**

The hunter, mad with excitement, tears away behind them, amid the stifling dust and wild thunder of their hoofs. Migrations of the Spring-bok. African locusts. Hunting in the Karroo.

ILLUSTRATION VII.

**RIDING DOWN THE ORYX, THE FABLED  
UNICORN.**

Habits of the oryx. The bloody embrace of the lion and the oryx. Ostriches nests. Colonial mode of bagging the eggs, more ingenious than refined. Travelling north.

ILLUSTRATION VIII.

**CROSSING THE GREAT ORANGE RIVER, BY  
MOONLIGHT.**

The hunter's delight at finding a sparkling river after weeks of weary hunting in the parched Karroo.

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**MUSIC.**

AN INTERVAL OF A FEW MINUTES.

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PART II.

**HILL GAME, THE LEOPARD & THE LION.**

Primitive Natives of the Far Interior. Their peculiarities.  
Labours of the Missionaries.

ILLUSTRATION IX.

**THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION AT BAKATLA.**



**ILLUSTRATION X.**

**HILL GAME, SABLE, ROAN & KOODOO  
ANTELOPE.**

African Antelope Stalking. Shooting from the hole by the pool. Real dangers, and imaginary ones. The dream by the Vley. The waking reality.

**ILLUSTRATION XI.**

**SURROUNDED BY WILD DOGS AT MIDNIGHT.**

A reasonable address and an imposing attitude disperses them. Nocturnal concert that regaled the hunter's ear. The forests startled by the deep-toned thunder of the lion's roar—sweet music to the hunter. Habits of the lion. His ravages among the natives. The dangers of South African hunting. The leopard.

**ILLUSTRATION XII.**

**A TUSSELE FOR LIFE WITH A LEOPARD.**

Headlong flight of the native servants. My first lioness.

**ILLUSTRATION XIII.**

**FEARFUL ENCOUNTER WITH A MADDENED  
LIONESS.**

She springs upon the hunter's horse, mangling his flank and ribs. Death of lioness. Man-eating lions. How to get a shot. The value of dogs in lion hunting.

**ILLUSTRATION XIV.**

**THE MAN-EATING LION.**

Meets a tarter, who does not agree with him. He eats no more. Face to face encounters with lions.

**ILLUSTRATION XV.**

**HEADLONG CHARGE OF A WOUNDED LION.**

A close shave for live.

**ILLUSTRATION XVI.**

**THE LION BOWLED OVER.**

How to preserve lion's teeth. Lions in private life. Introduction to a party of lions at midnight. Too many to be pleasant.

**ILLUSTRATION XVII.**

**A LION'S TEA PARTY.**

The feline hostess suspiciously inspects the hunter. Penalty of female curiosity. A productive pool. Tragic fate of one of the Hunter's Hottentots.

**ILLUSTRATION XVIII.**

**THE MAN-EATER ON HIS PREY.**

The fate of Hendrik. A dreary night. My servant avenged.

**ILLUSTRATION XIX.**

**HORSES PULLED DOWN BY LIONS.**

The hunter's troop of sixteen horses attacked by lions, and his two favourite black shooting horses killed.

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**MUSIC.**

AN INTERVAL OF A FEW MINUTES.

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**PART III.**

**THE COLOSSAL GAME OF SOUTH AFRICA.**

The Rhinoceros. The Giraffe. The Hippopotamus.  
The Elephant.

Remoteness of the Elephant country. The haunts and habits of the Elephant.

**ILLUSTRATION XX.**

**RIDING OUT THE BEST IVORY.**

Elephant shooting from the saddle. Giraffes. Buffalo.

**ILLUSTRATION XXI.**

**TERRIFIC CHARGE of a WOUNDED ELEPHANT.**

What becomes of the carcasses.

**ILLUSTRATION XXII.**

**NATIVES POLISHING OFF A DEAD ELEPHANT.**

The tsetse fly. Its ravages among horses and oxen. Its haunts. Expedients to escape from it. Elephant shooting by night.

ILLUSTRATION XXIII.  
ELEPHANTS AT THE POOL. (Moonlight).

A good bag. The produce of a fortnight's hunting.

ILLUSTRATION XXIV.  
THE HUNTER'S RETURN TO CAMP.

ILLUSTRATION XXV.  
THE CHARGE of the BLACK RHINOCEROS.

The guardian of the rhinoceros. The rhinoceros bird.  
Sport in the Limpopo.

ILLUSTRATION XXVI.  
LARGE HERD OF HIPPOPOTAMOI IN THE  
RIVER LIMPOPO.  
Nature and habits of this strange amphibious animal, the Behemoth  
of the ancients.

ILLUSTRATION XXVII.  
A WALTZ WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.  
African serpents. An awkward bedfellow.

ILLUSTRATION XXVIII.  
DRAWING A ROCK SNAKE.  
The spit-snake.

ILLUSTRATION XXIX.  
BACK IN THE SETTLEMENT.  
(Market place at Colesberg.)  
*Conclusion.*

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MUSIC.—FINALE.

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**EVERY EVENING,** at Eight o'Clock.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.

STALLS, 2s.      RESERVED SEATS, 3s.

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**232, PICCADILLY.**

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The Doors are open at Half-past Seven, and commence at Eight  
o'Clock, precisely.



## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

MR. GORDON CUMMING'S DIORAMA OF AFRICAN WILD SPORTS.—The lovers of the bold and marvellous in nature have now the opportunity of indulging their sportive tastes in a novel and instructive exhibition at 232, Piccadilly—an elegant and tastefully decorated *salon*, where Mr. Gordon Cumming has for the present fixed his tent. The extraordinary collection which Mr. Cumming exhibited some time since at Knightsbridge struck dismay into the breasts of the boldest sportsmen of our island home, whose most daring feats were confined to the occasional stalking of deer and sporting among the mountain fastnesses of the Highlands. The new exhibition-hall, which was opened last night for the first time, has the advantage of being much more readily accessible to the inhabitants of London generally than the remote district of Knightsbridge; and the unparalleled collection which Mr. Cumming displays has now the additional recommendation of an excellent explanatory lecture and some 30 dioramic illustrations, which, varied by appropriate music, considerably enhance the interest of the exhibition to the ordinary visitor. The illustrations are by Messrs. Haghe, Phillips, Leech, and Harrison Weir, and the entertainment is of a character which must prove interesting to all and instructive to many. Mr. Cumming relates with extraordinary gusto his adventures with the sublime monarch of the forest and with other gigantic beasts of prey. He speaks, for instance, of certain lions which were known to all the native population as “men eaters;” but, he adds, that he was equally known as a “lion-killer,” and therefore he felt it his duty to search after these scourges of the natives. He speaks of his “good fortune,” while hunting in the Carpathians, in meeting with a wild boar of immense stature; and tells you coolly, in a subsequent part of the entertainment, and quite *par parenthèse* as it were, “this was about the 50th lion I had killed; you will see his skin, No. so-and-so, about three yards from your right as you enter.” One of his best stories is an explanation of illustration No. 10, descriptive of a nocturnal encounter with wild dogs; but altogether his tales are so full of stirring incident and life, though so fatal to the quadruped inhabitants of the sterile regions of Southern Africa, that they cannot fail to interest and amuse.—*Times*, Aug. 31, 1855.

“The Lion-Slayer at Home” is the attractive heading of an advertisement announcing a new London entertainment, which was opened on Thursday evening to a select few, and to the general public on Friday evening. Mr. Gordon Cumming, a mightier hunter, perhaps, than even Nimrod himself, is the hero of the affair; which consists of a pictorial and dramatic narrative of his own wonderful exploits in the brake and the forest,—struggles with lions, serpents, wild boars, leopards, elephants, wild dogs, hippopotamuses, and other ferocious animals. It is literally a feast of blood. People who like to feel their nerves shaken—who like to “sup full with horrors”—may find an extraordinary fascination in Mr. Cumming's story. It is marvellously real:—reality, indeed, is its most striking character. The hunter is real. The spoils are real. The weapons of destruction are real. The gallery in which the audience sit is literally filled with the trophies of the hunter's terrible prowess. He himself appears, a slim gentleman, white of hand and delicate of feature, in a deadly circle of skulls, tusks, antlers, horns, bones, and skeletons,—the remains of a whole forest population; and talks, with the easy familiarity of a boudoir, of life-tussles with cobras and lions, making small drawing-room jokes about his old enemies, and occasionally catching up a date by easy reference to his hundredth elephant encounter. Such an entertainment, as will be seen, has much in favour of its success:—a new subject, splendid accessories, and dramatic interest. The pictures are very good.—*The Athenæum*, Sept. 1, 1855.

The modern Orion is one of the remarkable men of our day; a man so possessed with the spirit of the chase that he leaves his country, his kindred and his father's house, his profession and his prospects of promotion, to hunt savage beasts for the mere love of the thing. His museum, for a long time exhibited at Knightsbridge, is now removed to Piccadilly. As our readers are most of them aware, this museum is composed of the skins of beasts, skulls and ivory tusks, horns and antlers, taken in hunting by the collector during five years' wandering in Southern Africa, and other huntings in Europe, Asia, and America. It is undoubtedly the most extraordinary collection of trophies ever made by one man.—*Spectator*, Sept. 1, 1855.

Really it seems almost difficult to believe that all (the game) could have succumbed to one man: at least it is difficult, until one has seen Mr. Cumming, for one recognizes in him at once a sportsman of such a thorough breed, and of such marked calibre, that one

no longer feels that any amount of work would be above his capacity. Nothing can be more attractive than these vigorous descriptions of wild sport by the hero of the scenes described. The spoils by which the walls are decorated lend, too, an air of the reality to Mr. Cumming's lecture; and we have no hesitation in heartily recommending to our readers one of the most pleasant evening's amusements now available in London.

*Chronicle*, Sept. 10, 1855.

The scenes are admirably well painted, and they are each interspersed with descriptions which almost make our hair stand "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." They are splendidly graphic, and one feels almost disposed to exclaim, as we hear the details of each adventure, "I wish I had been with you." The museum is splendidly arranged; the lecture is highly amusing and instructive. The description of the encounters with elephants, rhinoceroses, and the hippopotami, especially, are singularly interesting. To those who feel the slightest interest in the "glories of the chase" of the largest game to be found, we heartily commend this diorama and lecture, which reflects the highest credit on the perseverance, the judgment, and the enthusiasm of Mr. Gordon Cumming.

*Morning Herald*, Aug. 31st, 1855.

"That fight," says the lecturer, "was with my two thousand and second hippopotamus—here is a walking stick made out of his hide. That was my hundred and fourth lion. There is his skin on the wall, numbered five hundred and seven." Who could doubt? Mr. Cumming's very position in the hall is decisive. He is stationed on a triumphal altar, composed of elephants tusks, rifles, myriads of horns of animals with unpronounceable names, the whole being surmounted by his saddle. Before him are ranged a couple of dozen hippopotamus skulls, with more horns, more skins, more tusks, and a vast number of the skins of elephants' feet, which have the appearance of boots for those animals. The lecturer himself is worth seeing—strong and hearty, with the manner, voice, jokes (occasionally the old ones) of a Great British gentleman, and a frankness and good humour which are irresistibly refreshing. The pictures, twenty-seven in number, are all exceedingly good; they are executed by artists of acknowledged eminence, and depict the death scenes of the natives of Africa—including a Hottentot—with extraordinary vigour. It is as decidedly the best method of shooting lions as Albert Smith's is the best plan of going up Mont Blanc.—*Lloyd's Newspaper*, Sept. 8, 1855.

In the delivery of the lecture Mr. Gordon Cumming is decidedly very successful; he relates his deeds in a straightforward, manly tone, and holds up the tail of his hundred and fourth elephant, or points out the skin of his forty-sixth lion, in a manner at once modest and unassuming, as if lions and elephants were the every-day game of our turnip-fields and preserves. But his tone deepens and his whole expression alters when he relates some desperate deed, some brilliant chase, or some terrible peril, through which his own indomitable pluck alone carried him safely. At such times the nature of the lion-hunter breaks through the thin crust of the white tie and tail-coat—he longs for kilt and rifle, an open plain, good horse and dogs, and the "noble beast" striding broadside past. Upon listening to his narrative, or viewing the many proofs of his daring—the skulls, antlers, tusks, and skins of wild beast, antelope, giraffe, rhinoceros, elephant, and lion—the mind is struck with the untiring activity, the wonderful energy, and the daring courage of the man who could track, hunt down, and slay so many hundred wild animals and gigantic beasts of prey.—*The Press*, Sept. 8, 1855.

Mr. Gordon Cumming, the Lion Hunter, has introduced, in the room facing the top of the Haymarket, formerly known as the *Salle Robin*, an admirable Lecture, with dioramic illustrations, in the style of Albert Smith's 'Ascent of Mont Blanc,' of his very remarkable hunting experiences in South Africa. The saloon is decorated with his extraordinary collection of skulls, skins, tusks, horns, antlers, &c.; and the illustrations, which are no less than twenty-seven in number, represent some of those stirring scenes in the life of the hunter with which the public are partially acquainted from his book published a year or two since by Mr. Murray. . . . The Lecture is delivered by the Lion Hunter himself, with a great deal of naturalness, and in a nice gentlemanly spirit, entirely free from any attempt at artificial effect, and particularly hearty and genuine in address. The descriptive passages are never tedious, and even these are interspersed with occasional touches of humour, of which some may be a little extravagant, but they were thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. The jungle, for example, is likened to a huge field of fish-hooks relieved by an occasional patch of pen-knives, through which the hunter is obliged deliberately to axe his way; and "to form an idea of the toughness of my elephant-diet," said Mr. Cumming, "just multiply the toughness of the toughest beefsteak you ever tasted by five hundred, and subtract the gravy." The exhibition of each dioramic picture is accompanied with appropriate music; and we may certainly recommend the whole entertainment as one of the most interesting and most remarkable on record.—*Literary Gazette*, Sept. 1, 1855.